

MAN ^{1/2} Junior

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The Grunt with a Padlock



SELF-SUPPORTING SPORTS TROUSERS

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

MAN *Junior*

NOVEMBER, 1969.

VOLUME XIX, No. 4

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(Matters in relation to writings other than fiction are religious.)

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Killer die first

*To hell with the future, Rex thought—there
wasn't enough of it left to worry about.*



ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON JAMES

By **RAYMOND SLATTERY**

It was a long way down. Not a hundred and fifty feet like the priestess said, but still a long way down. He could see the colored bull's eye of paper that covered the water tank, and it looked about as

big as a beach umbrella. He could see Celia standing by with the diving torch, and all around the whole scene looking up at him.

Celia put the torch to the bull's eye, and the paper flared. Rex pointed

at the platform's edge, fell forward, diving. The flames reached up to him. There was a moment of heat, then the shock of cold, then the spine-breaking effort to turn upwards from the tent's bottom.

He gulped fresh air. I made it, he thought, and now there's only Linda and the long night, with death away in the future somewhere, too far away to worry about.

In the end, at dusk, he felt good. It was the wind on his face, and the feel of paper money in his pocket, and the picture of Linda in his mind. Especially Linda.

There was devilish attraction about her. He knew that as long as she retained her mystery she would continue to attract him.

"Did Mrs. Bennett arrive?" he asked the hotel clerk.

"I gave her your room key, like you instructed, Mr. Bennett. She's up there now . . . with a visitor."

Ben wondered about the visitor. He checked the stairs, vaguely annoyed. He hadn't seen Linda for a week, since the show had left the last town, and he resented a third party at the reunion. When he got to the room his courtesan changed to the old, unclouding look. The visitor was Himmelsgold.

"Get out," Ben said. "Go to hell." "Is that any way to treat a friend?" Himmelsgold smiled. "I like you, Ben. I want you back again, in the old act. How about it?"

"Why don't you, Ben?" Linda said, in his velvet voice that came from deep down.

"You doing all right," Ben said. "Goodbye, Chad."

Chad Himmelsgold staggered. He said, "You'll kill yourself. This hell drive business—"

"Some'll enjoy it more than let somebody else try," Ben said. "Get out, and now."

Himmelsgold laughed and walked out.

Ben looked at Linda and said

"Just how long has he been here?"

"You're jealous," she laughed. She walked away to the drink tray, saying, "It does seem a pity, an expert knife-thrower like you, taking his life in that hell drive."

"I like to drive," Ben said. "As for the risk, well—death seems comically, anyway."

She handed him a drink, her sensitive eyes searching for the source behind his own.

Linda was still thinking of Himmelsgold. She said, "You and Chad used to make big money outdoing each other in knife-throwing. But one day he made a slip, and now you hate him. Why, Ben?"

Because he killed me, Ben thought. But he wouldn't worry her with that. He said, "It was no slip, Baby. It had to do with a girl."

She laughed, delighted. "I might have known it. You're a well, Ben, and so is Chad."

"That was different," Ben said. "I'm no angel, Baby, but all the women I've had knew what was what. But we were playing to a country audience, and a lead with stone in her hair fell for the handsome Himmelsgold. I expected him to put her on the band and send her on her way, but he didn't. She was just a child, and I slipped in and took her from his hotel room and sent her home. He was furious. Next performance, he let me have a knife in the belly."

She looked at him, knowing full well what he meant. She smiled, her dress herself seems an amulet, her legs over one arm of it. He went to her. He knelt and slipped her shoes off. She was his wife, but still a showgirl girl with secrets behind her smile.

The food for was running for a week. Chad Himmelsgold played at doing a coin knife-throwing act which was a flop. After three days he closed his show, but didn't leave town.

Ben lived through each hell drive



"Kensense can get more out of a book than anyone I know."

just to be with Linda at night. It was life as it should be lived. For the moment only. It was strange that the certainty of death should bring out the pattern of life so clearly. Eating, drinking, loving. To hell with the future, because there wasn't enough future to worry about.

Linda came to the forenoon each day. She would stand out there on the outskirts of the crowd, her face upturned with the rest.

Saturday was the last day of the fair. Ben was called for two drives, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Linda stayed at the hotel, pecking their things. They had agreed that she couldn't come to the grounds today, since they were to push on to the next town that same evening.

Ben's momentary jump wasn't so good. There was a cross-breeze and it veered him a little, so that he hit the water roughly. The shock of it wrenched his neck and numbed his shoulders. He floated from the tank and cautiously wagged head and arms. He was all right.

He went down to the lobby. "My wife seems to be out," he said to the clerk. "Did she leave word as to where she was going?"

"No, Mr. Brown," the clerk said solemnly. "She went out with a gentleman. He . . . he took her far a drive."

"What did the gentleman look like?" Ben asked, and the clerk was like a cold weight in his chest as he listened to Hammersgöld's description flapping from the clerk's pale lips.

"Which way did they go?" he demanded.

"Along the main road, towards the coast."

Ben went back to his room. He had a queer feeling, a premonition that this was the finish. He didn't particularly care, just so long as he could finish it his own way. The finish could not have been for all, in any case. He found his old set of

throwing-leaves, with broad blades and double edges, and he selected one. One would be enough.

He followed the road towards the coast, driving furiously. He knew Hammersgöld, and he had to hurry. He knew why Hammersgöld had taken Linda to the lonely coast.

He was going to stop Hammersgöld. There were things that just couldn't happen, and this was one of them. There was time to stop it. Nothing had happened yet because Linda had spent her days at the fairground and not nights with Ben.

The road was red clay and there had been recent rain. Hammersgöld's tyre marks stood out from the drabness of wet of wheel ruts and, well away from the town, they made the only track. The track led Ben to the coast, to the edge of towering cliffs to the sea itself, abandoned against a background of sky and sea and circling gulls.

Ben left his own jeep and looked about a cold point twisting his fingers. He had to find them. There were a thousand rocky hollows and wells that could have concealed the lovers, but Hammersgöld's car standing there at the cliff edge seemed to suggest that they had sought their solitude below.

He went to the edge and looked over. There was no beach down there, just a red honeycomb of rock and sea. If Linda and Chad were down there, how did they get down? There must be a path.

There was a path. He found it, and stumbled along its gentle downward. The path turned and twisted, sometimes veering in beneath the overhang, sometimes skirting sheer drops of rock that stood like bare walls. It was at one of these latter places that he looked down and saw them.

Linda and Chad. There was no doubt about it. They were down there, side by side, close to a rock pool. They were on a flat ledge be-

PSYCHOPATHIC WARD



"Which of you is nurse to the kleptomaniac?"



side the pool. Ben could see Linda's legs, hair and white in the sea, her upturned face framed as that beautiful black hair.

Hummergold was kissing her.

"I'll kill him, Ben thought. But it's a long way down, and there isn't much time. It would take too long to get down by way of the winding path. That way he might be too late. That way, Hummergold would die with a certain triumph. Ben had to get down there quickly.

He looked down at the rock pool beside the lovers, and groaned by its blueness that it might be deep enough. But it was a long way down. It would be his last hell dive, and it had to be good, because after the dive he had to live long enough to kill Hummergold. An eye for an eye.

A life for a life—and let the killer die first.

He drew his leather belt tight about his waist, jamming the knife there. He hoped it would hold. He looked down. He tried to imagine Celia down there, standing by the paper hoop with a torch, and all around the sea of faces strained upward. He jumped.

It was a long way. His heart groined into the hollow of his stomach. He felt sick. The rush of wind sent the hairs snarling along each side of his face. The pool seemed to get stuck badly in his, with him, then it cracked awfully up at him. He had a dazed impression of Linda screaming before the water exploded in his ears.

He went down and down. A ridge of shell-coated rock rubbed his chest

and bounced along his body to his violently at his right ankle. The darkness welled up inside him as he fought his crippled way upward. When he broke surface the pain raised in agonizing waves from his ankle.

He crawled from the pool, ill and bleeding. His clothes were ripped almost completely from his body, but the knife was still jammed fast beneath the belt at his waist. He settled himself on his stomach, on the rock ledge and Hummergold stood up, facing him.

"Thanks a lot," Ben wrenched. He threw the knife, and the thud of it into Chad's chest was his name. Now you'll never take me Ben thought.

Hummergold collapsed with a sob. Linda's eyes were narrow of horror

"You've killed him!" she screamed. "You've killed him."

"A life for a life," Ben said.

There were no little women's secrets in her eyes now. Only fright. She turned away, sobbing, running, scrambling to the path and up. He watched her out of sight, and then he felt very lonely.

His ankle was shattered. He knew that he would never leave this ledge. When the tide came in he would drown.

Not that it mattered. Because the pain had been so very bad of late, the pain he'd only partly dragged away with the delight of Linda's company, the pain of that burning cancer that was the legacy left by Hummergold's delirious knife-wound. He rested his head on his arms and closed his eyes.

Death in a night-gown

*Jenny was a mission boy "turned bad."
He lived, and died, by violence.*

IF Jenny had not seen fit to steal a night-gown from the missionary's wife, three specimens of the tribe might have lived to be old.

But Jenny did steal the night-gown and so, in the end, the three of them died savagely—one by a bullet and two on the end of a rope, though only one was heaped.

Jenny was the leader of the gang. The other two were brothers. The elder was called Dandala, the Young Pigeon, the Greedy and the Fat. The younger was Ousuli.

It all began when the good missionaries, living beside the chain of water-holes at Wandah, decided to take Jenny from his clan.

Millions Jenny was, to all appearances, the ideal convert. He portended unerringly about the vegetable patch; he was vigorous at the wood-pile; he was earnest in prayer and recumbent in hymns.

The good missionaries awakened one morning to discover that Millions Jenny had disappeared.

He gave no notice of his going, he merely went. It did not take the disenchanted missionaries long to learn that with him had gone a goodly stock of the station's notions and—far more precious reason—the best dressed night-dress of the same missionary's wife.

Jenny took to crime. He

By WALKER HENRY

Illustrated by JOHN SAUNDSON

travelled direct to Jenny Point on Stradbroke Island and there anticipated modern manx and modern criminal subterfuge by seeking refuge in primitive plastic surgery.

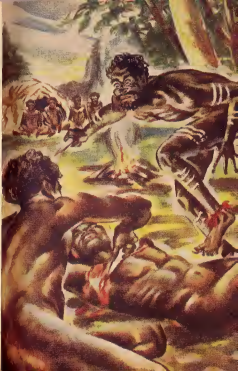
With the levish belief of a night-gown, he persuaded the old men of the Palm-burns to carve his body with tribal scars so that he would be taken for one of them. The old men set about their task with a zest, until his whole body was covered with an intricate series of tiny slashes, spaced about an inch apart. Then the old men rubbed clay into the wounds and left him to heal.

In a few weeks Jenny was sufficiently recovered from this manx-treatment to abandon an uneventful life of virtue and settle seawards down to a gaudy career of crime.

He selected Brisbane Town as the scene of his operations and old Martin, the flour miller, as his first victim.

It was an uncompromising hold-up. Alone in his windmill, old Martin was frightened almost out of his

*From the intricate scales
of tribal slashes ran
thick rivulets of blood.*



assault was to be suddenly confronted by Jimmy, armed with spear and mallets. Jimmy demanded a bag of corn.

After Jimmy had appeared at the windmill on four occasions and each time had departed with a bag of corn old Morton called in the constabulary.

A trap was laid and a constable concealed behind the corn bags in the mill. For a day or two nothing happened; then, late one rainy afternoon, old Morton saw a feather face at the door. He had learned what was expected of him.

"Here's a bag if you want it, Jimmy," he called. "Come and get it."

Jimmy strode calmly forward, in an instant a life-and-death battle was being fought on the corn bags. Jimmy struggled like a maniac. His pressed body slipped in the constable's grasp and his fingers closed for the constable's eyes. Struggling up a rusty knife, Jimmy plunged it into the constable's chest. Only the thick pea-jacket which he was wearing as a protection against the rain saved the constable's life. The knife caught in the cloth and snapped and, as the constable recoiled from the blow, he dropped on one knee and beckoned Jimmy over the side with his hands. Jimmy's legs buckled under him and he toppled to the floor. Before he could rise, the constable was on top of him and had strangled the handcuffs on his wrists. As the cuffs choked, old Morton managed to slip a rope noose round Jimmy's arms and pull it tight.

A boy named Tom Pettie watched—as he used to relate in after years—a squad of twelve of the "diamonds" march bliskly up the hill and fern up on either side of the mill doorway as Jimmy was hauled inside.

The next day Jimmy was sentenced to fifty lashes and 24 hours solitary

confinement on bread and water.

He was tied to the triangle in what is today Brisbane's main street and, while the constant "croppin'" were lined up for the show, Gilligan the flogger swung the lash.

After his 24 hours' solitary, they clad Jimmy in a shirt and trousers marked with broad arrows and informed him that he was free to go.

For reasons best known to himself, he went straight from the cells to the barracks. The "diamonds" there were disposed to treat him as the pretender returned. Which gave Jimmy the opportunity to take a supply of tobacco and fade into the town.

If the flogging did little to mend Jimmy's long-damaged constitution, it seems at least to have taught him the disadvantages of being a lone wolf.

He looked round for assistance, and he did not have far to seek. His two fellow prisoners — Donald and Oswald — had observed the great Yid-ban's exploits with awe and now they were more than keen to aid and abet. They joined Jimmy in the bush.

The walls on Jimmy's back had severely faded before a rider came racing into Brisbane Town, flapping his horse to a letter of sweat. He came, he said with horror in his eyes, from a "diamonds'" camp on the North Pine River. There, in a little clearing, lay all the fisher-gones, speared and bludgeoned to death, while not far off were stretched the pitiful corpses of a man called George and a Miss Shannon.

The three were talking and said that Jimmy, with Donald and Oswald, had planned the ambush which ended in the massacre.

Soon punitive expeditions of police and "diamonds" were out. But though they swept the scrub for weeks, the year 1866 drew slowly to (Please turn to page 14)



"You haven't got diamonds. You just tied your tie in with your shoe laces."



"Curse these managers! Always charging
their ten percent!"

in class and no trace of Jenny or Dandell or Oswald had been found.

The wardens were ready to give up the hunt when, one noon, a small group of swaggers were strolling around a camp-fire at Solihull, waiting for the tally to bell. They were talking quietly when, silent as a shadow, a dark form stepped into the sunlight. It was Wilfred Jenny, alone and unarmed except for a waddy tucked in his belt.

Without a hint of surprise or alarm, they turned to Jenny and waved to him with welcoming hands.

Jenny joined them. He sat down beside the fire and the swaggers handed him a portion of tea and a slice of damper. He was eating heartily when they sprang on him. Leaping to his feet, he swung his waddy and battered a swagger to the ground. He was poised for a second blow when another swagger raised a gun and shot him through the head.

But he was still alive when they bound him and threw him on a bullock-dray. They had almost reached Brighthelm Town before he died.

For good measure, they cut off his head, boiled it free of flesh and made a plaster cast from it.

There had been three little nigger boys. Now there were two.

A cooper named Pierre Isaac lived with the Pulen-burns at Amity Point and, after fruitless weeks of tracking, it was five of the Pulen-burns who at last led him to the kill.

Late one night the five tribesmen brought home the news that Oswald was camped on the long ridge above the Belknap River where Wadhams Towns now runs. With two constables and the five Pulen-burns, Isaac set off for the camp.

One of the Pulen-burns carried a rope with a noose at the end.

When they reached the camp, the two constables and three of the Pulen-burns dropped to the rear while Isaac

and the other two natives went forward. As they had been told, they found Oswald sleeping in his gump. But he awoke and came out eagerly when Isaac poured the rum. While they drank, a Pulen-burn stood beside Isaac with the rope hidden in his shirt. Oswald was laughing heartily when the Pulen-burn suddenly threw the rope like a lasso around his neck and, stepping it down over his arm, pulled it tight.

In answer to Oswald's yell of fear, specimens came pouring from the gump nearby and hailed a shower of spears and waddies. But Isaac and the two Pulen-burns strained on the rope and began to drag Oswald downhill towards the town.

Oswald's arm came free of the noose and the rope was drawn tight round his neck. Oswald, too, was dead.

There had been three little nigger boys. Now there was only one. But nine years were to pass before Dandell went to join his friends.

He was innocently telling a true fact for a Benbunne brickmaker named Mosee when the police took him by surprise. He was too astonished even to try to resist and without a struggle he was lodged in the cells.

They brought him to the middle of Brighthelm Town on January 5, 1885.

As Dandell, the Wings Pigeon, the Greedy and the Fat, went to the gallows, the tribes were thick on Observatory Hill.

Green the hangman gloated the Mack up on his head and drew the belt. Green measured the length of the rope and the drop. Dandell's feet came crashing through the trap down onto the coffin beneath the scaffold and he bounded back into the air as Green snatched the coffin away.

He waited for a moment. Then Green straddled him by the legs. Bending their back, the hangman tied them upwards and, slipping his arms through them, hung on them with his full weight until Dandell was dead.



"Fast! Just a minute!"



A Date

"If your own son's guilty, got him," was Mitchell's creed.

CRIMINAL

By GLENN LOW

ILLUSTRATED BY OICK SEALEY

A GUY can let himself think about it until it makes his skin go tight and crawl on his flesh and little shivers of sickness go up and down his neck. It's tough enough for a man to endure—the stomach and the bare and the rotten company, the awful customer, the feeling of loneliness of mind, and the belief that life can't mean anything.

Yes, it's bad enough for the male unit of society to suffer, but for the female unit it's ten thousand times worse.

It's everything when it's taken in a lump that makes the condition grip on the imagination. And what's the difference between imagination and guts? You tell me. It's the whole ugly mess—the mess that should be ugly—that rules your sense of decency and makes you look to your soul when you consider it in the light of a guy that's as low and is thinking of his sweetheart being added to the mix.

Dark and looks, stretch of detective and the cold eyes of a grinning judge for my Aubrey? It puts a sick laser in my middle to think of it. A fresh young girl with soft brown hair and star-spung blue eyes and a complexion that you don't want to touch for fear you'll spoil it, it's so delicate—looked up in a crib

with Solly

Every time I closed my eyes I saw her there, staring through iron goggles, sitting on an iron cot. Her bare—bare that stopped the youth and gave and warmth from her beautiful young body—filling an iron beam—break for touches and beddings are what takes me in a place like that.

So I'm trying to put Aubrey out of my mind and make myself read from the news with Solly's outfit was spend over half its time here, when I see Detective Vin Mitchell come out of the terminal restaurant and walk over toward my box.

Vin was tall, lean, and hard as spikes. He'd been wearing a badge for a quarter of a century and had persisted to feel only one passion: Enforce the law! If it's your own son and he's guilty, ride him! was Mitchell's motto.

"Hello, Vin," I said as he came up. "Hello, Pat. How soon you getting out?" he asked.

I held up five fingers meaning five minutes. He was close enough then and we shook hands. He had the kind of hand that is soft and hard at the same time, a hand you feel as

By the look of him he might be asleep. But he wasn't asleep, I thought.



pliable, but all the time you feel hard muscles beneath. He had the kind of level grey eyes that made you happy to be on the right side of the law when you looked into them.

As we shook hands I was thinking that I hadn't seen Vic since he'd picked up a couple of bullets walking in on a holdup at Kasper's warehouse. He'd been in the hospital for weeks. I looked him over, thinking that he might be a bit different. Otherwise, he seemed okay.

I said, "You're looking fine, Vic." He didn't seem to hear me, but when I held out the notes so he could see Solly's picture, he said, "Friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"I knew him," I said.

He was getting inside the bus when he said, "They got the whole mob except for Solly's latest girl friend, whoever she is. It seems she wasn't in on this stickup."

He meant Audrey, of course. I could have told him that Audrey hadn't been in on any of Solly's stick-ups. She'd only been chasing with the mob since last Saturday night. But I wasn't going to tell him anything about Audrey. The law didn't know yet who Solly's latest girl friend was. Imagine me telling Audrey in a spot like that? Imagine it if you can. I don't. Because no difference what Audrey had done or become since last Saturday night, I still loved her. She was still fire in my brain. My blood was thin and hot when I thought of her.

Last Saturday night Audrey and I had had a squabble. It was over the way she danced with Solly, clinking onto him like a wet shirt. I told her how rotten it looked. And did she get sore!

You know how girls get when you hurt their pride. What everybody in the room thought about the way she clung to Solly didn't matter—but to have it said out loud like that was a terrible blow to the girl's pride and

she came flat out to tell me so in her own way.

"And who was I to criticize?" she wanted to know at last. Well, I was her boy friend that was all more than that, her fiancé, and we were going to be married, and maybe that gave me some reason to mention it.

The way she saw it maybe it didn't give me that or anything. She said so. She said there wasn't any vice in Solly or in her either, and she could see from my attitude what sort of husband I'd make, and she knew how other girls had got on being married to men like me. Then she underlined it by dancing with Solly again, and more like a wet shirt than ever; but that was just a dare.

After the dance she let Solly drive her home. She did it to spite me. We didn't know then that Solly was a stickup artist driving a bus as a blind.

Now I hadn't heard from Audrey since the night of the dance. But with the law looking for her, it seemed right she'd get in touch with me. I was a guy she knew she could trust; I was a guy who would stand by her.

The night bus up river isn't run for profit. It's marked on the drivers' reports as "service run." Some nights you pick up a passenger or two, others you make the trip alone. Reddick Via Mitchell got hurt he was a regular weekly passenger on the night bus. He had fallen drunk at Fairmont, and he liked to wait there often.

This night, until the girl faced us at the Triangle Club stop, it looked like Vic and I would make the trip without any interruptions.

I didn't know the gal was Audrey until she was inside the bus, dropping into the seat behind me and saying, "Pat, you've got to help me!"

I wasn't lowering the coach lights. She was wearing a coat I'd never seen her in before, with the collar turned



"Pat, more feeling into it; it isn't for sissy-pussy's, it's for Maudslaw children."

up around her man. Still I ought to have recognized her. If I had recognized her I could have passed her up. Now I had to sit there like a stooge and let her blub her brains out with a copper intestine in.

I tried the rear-visor mirror, but I couldn't see Vin. He'd sunk so low behind the back of number three seat that the top of his hat didn't even show.

"Put, I only had a couple of dates with Solly. Huh?" I was going to make it up with you, but—"

She started sobbing. I gave up trying to figure some way to let her know about Vin. I guess I was in the toughest spot ever, having to keep still like that while my girl belted herself into me. I guess nobody ever felt worse than I did.

"Aren't you even going to speak to me, Put?" Audrey asked after a sudden silence.

Not until then did I realize that I hadn't said hello to the kid. "Hiya, I'm going to speak to you," I said. "Hello, kid?" Then I lifted the lid of my cash box, took out the baby snub-nose 32 automatic I carry there, and put it in my coat pocket. There was a long lonely piece of highway ahead. When we came to it I pulled the bus to one side of the pavement. I got up, then, went back, and sat down beside Vin.

By the look of him he might have been asleep, sitting slumped down in his seat. But he was with him but eyes on his eyes. But he wasn't asleep, I thought.

"Vin," I said, sick with the business before I'd had any of it, "you heard what the girl said. You had to hear."

He didn't move. Maybe he is asleep, I thought.

"Vin, you've got to forget what you heard. The kid is innocent. She never knew Solly until last Saturday night. She hasn't had a finger in any of his dirty work. I've been arranged to marry her for a good many happy

months, and I know she's on the level. And I'm still going to marry her even if the prison chaplain has to perform the wedding ceremony. But it would make things worse—it would save the kid's life. Vin—if you could forget what you heard but say—"

I sat for a minute watching him while he didn't move or speak. Impatience was beating off my nerves, working me up. I was thinking that I might as well use the automatic and put a nice little hole in his temples, because he'd never seemed to forget that my girl and Solly's latest meal were the same. No, Vin Mitchell had one shocking person. He'd heard it said a thousand times about him, he tried to outlive the law.

My hand was twirling on the automatic. My nerve was getting up when suddenly he pushed back his hat, blinked a couple of times, smiled at me, and said, "Anything wrong, Put? I must have come to sleep. Boy, what a dream!" He shook his head as if to clear his brain of the memory of some terrifying nightmare.

Audrey was leaning over the back of my seat hugging and kissing me when I whispered, "He's not as tough as they say. But I wouldn't have believed it about him, if it hadn't happened to me."

"They got to build up a reputation for themselves," Audrey whispered back. "And how do you know, maybe he was in love like this once?" She looked me on the car.

Vin smiled down at us as he left the bus at the Pearson terminal. "So long," he said. Then he walked away.

I was happy and thankful to have Audrey free and all to myself again. But I'd just about lost all faith in law enforcement officers when Vin got on my bus the next day morning home. It was during that trip I found out that, ever since he'd been shot walking in on the holdup at Kasper's warehouse, Vin had been stone dead.



"Oh, yes. Now I remember. On that day I had amnesia."



Romance

MISSED ITS CUE

By MICHAEL O'SHANE

Fiction would demand a more conventional ending to this drama of the sea.

CAPTAIN GIBBS and the mate, McFadden, of the ship, "Lock Ard," cast anxious glances at the seaward, unshapable coastline of south-western Vietnam. Cliffs one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high towered sheer from the water with but small breaks to

narrow-mouthed bays, such as Port Campbell, as gateways to safety from the turmoil of the ocean.

The officers were down-hearted, unable to take observations, and were desperately anxious when, at four o'clock on the afternoon of May 19, 1971, they found themselves just east

of Port Campbell, and within half a mile of the death-trap reefs.

More sail was set, but the ship could not come round. The anchor was dropped, but the swell, the wind, and the currents were too strong, and the fate of the "lock," too, was precarious. The anchor dropped, but at before more sail was set, and they had swung the vessel into the wind.

Then, in the early hours of June 1 came disaster, for, with a shuddering, disintegrating crash, the ship struck a reef and sank within a few minutes.

She was a ship of ill-omen, this "Lock Ard," for she had been twice near to disaster on her maiden voyage. Captain Gibbs, in command, was making his first trip in her, and her four previous commanders had all died in her service. She now brought death to her fifth captain and to the thirty-nine members of her crew and passengers.

Aboard the "Lock Ard" was apprehensive Tom Pearce, son of a Captain Pearce, who had lost his life in the wreck of the "Godshalkum." Tom was on deck when the ship struck and, diving overboard, swam through the debris on to the darkness towards where he hoped the shore lay.

Swimming blindly, as he was, luck, fate, or something but friendly currents carried Pearce through a narrow gap in the cliffs, the only gap for many miles along that rugged coast, and into a tiny inlet now known as Lock Ard Gorge. Had he been carried a few hundred yards further out by the water, he might have been swept to certain death into an undercurrent cavern, where the ocean shoals, and churns, and dashes, and spins in thunderous rage in what is known as "The Blowhole."

The Gorge is a small, fan-shaped bay opening from its slit of an entrance to a landward width of but a couple of hundred yards. It has a shelving, sandy beach, a sandy rock

and gorse-stems floor, and towering cliffs hemming it in from the surrounding country. It was on to this beach that the restless sailor Tom Pearce, more dead than alive,

Youth is restless and its senses keen, so Pearce had not long dragged himself clear of the backward section of the ebbing of the rollers to the safety of the dry sand of the Gorse floor, before he uttered a weak cry, alone to the dull roar of the ocean and, looking seaward, saw a girl drifting through that same gateway to safety that had opened for him. Breasting the breakers once more, Pearce battled with the surf until he reached the girl, and was able to bring her, unconscious, to the shore.

In his search of the Gorge, he found a cave, to which, after making a bed of grass for her, he carried the girl, and laid her down before he re-commenced the cliffs to try to find a way to help for himself and his fellow castaway. Before attempting the task, he brooded a long of spirits, which must have followed, apprehensively, the same route as himself and the girl from the wreck to the sandy shore.

After many abortive attempts, he managed to scale the hundred-foot cliffs surrounding the gorge and, scared, out and bleeding from falls and the pangs, cutting rock, staggered off into the starved, drenched scrub of that coastal belt to search for civilization.

A stockman named Ford, who was out mustering sheep, found the wanderer, with his torn hands and clothing, and took him to the homestead, where Mr. Osborne, the owner, organized a rescue party and, armed with ropes and blankets, returned to the Gorge and lowered man over to bring the girl to safety, but when they reached the cave it was empty; the girl had disappeared.

The Cornish family were passengers on the "Lock Ard." They were emigrants from England who

intended setting in Victoria, but the whole family, with the exception of the one daughter, Eva, whom Kate had drifted to that one narrow strand of safety in the rugged coast, died in the wreck.

Returning to consciousness, Eva Cornishel could take little comfort from her position, for she was then alone in a narrow, wind-flooded chamber with but two outlets of escape—the way she had entered, through the sea in certain death, or up the apparently unscalable cliffs to an unknown wilderness, peopled in her imagination, as led by the rumors which she had heard, by hostile cannibalistic savages.

It is little wonder, then, that when the shouts and calls of seamen, husky-voiced men flustered down to her from the cliff tops, the girl gave way to panic, for not knowing who had brought her from the sea and placed her in the cave, she imagined that hostile eyes were remaining. She fled from that shelter and swished

fearfully in the stained web that draped the base of the cliffs. Here the seamen found her, and they took her to the Gibson hamstead, where she was cared for until completely recovered from her ordeal.

Justice would call for a conventional happy ending to this drama of the sea and the heroism of a man towards a woman, but that frequently unknown romance, as in this instance, for Eva Cornishel eventually married to become Mrs. Ashles Townsend.

Tom Pearce, however, takes a further place in historical records, for he was the first recipient of the Gold Medal of the Victorian Reserve Society, conferred on him for his part in the wreck of the "Loch Ard."

Of the forty victims of the wreck the bodies of four only were recovered and these, two of the Cornishels finally, and two others, rest in lonely graves on the wind-swept, scrub-covered cliff-top above the Loch Ard Gorge.

Monotony Makes Accidents

An interesting experiment performed by an American psychology professor proves that a man in an hypnotic trance can drive a car over a busy road. Subject of the experiment was a student, who drove for a considerable distance, steering, changing gears, turning, and coming to a stop.

The trance was induced by a monotony similar to that which our drivers experience about on long journeys. The driver under the influence of such monotony, it is believed, is more susceptible to accident. The hypnotized driver although able to operate his car, was slow in reacting to emergencies.



Crazy Crimes



THE CASE OF THE MISSING BODY

One morning in October, 1931, the world was shocked to read of the death of the eminent anthropologist, Herman Skenske. It seemed incredible that this man, who had spent years in the jungles of the Amazon and who had faced death a hundred times, should have died in such a simple way. His body had been found, headless, in a ditch near the village.

Identification had been made more difficult by the fact that the body had been dismembered and the torso removed. The only organ remaining was an ear and it was around this that Inspector Irish, of Scotland Yard built his case. For it was known that the anthropologist had been accepted as a member of the "Mun-ko" tribe of South America, whose tribal marking was a flaming arrow piercing a heart. The ear bore such a marking. A necklace, studded with blood, lay near the body; it had obviously been used to dismember Professor Skenske and was made of pure gold. It also bore the marking of the Mun-ko tribe.

Inspector Irish placed the ear in a bottle in which he was accustomed to keep his indignation tablets, but which was now empty. Then, turning to his assistant, he said:

"The motive is apparent. It is a case of tribal vengeance."

The inspector was studying the ground in the vicinity of the scene of the murder when a weeping woman stumbled up.

"Where is my husband?" she said. The inspector, who beneath his hard facade was a sympathetic man, almost

withdrew the ear from the bottle and returned it to her.

"This," she said, "is—all?"

The inspector nodded.

The woman bent her chest and for the first time, Irish noticed that her face was dark and foreign. He said:

"You are from South America?"

She held her head proudly.

"I was of the tribe of Mun-ko," she said, "until that Skenske made a Mun-ko of me."

The inspector unconsciously removed the ear from her trembling hands and replaced it in the bottle. Later, he would have it tested for fingerprints. He said:

"You refer to your husband as Skenske. I take it that you are giving the word a capital S?"

"I am not. He was a skunk by name and nature. He made a Mun-ko out of me!"

"I take it you mean he converted you to the Mun-ko tribe?"

"I mean he made a . . ." she paused, and lowered her eyelids.

The inspector, rustling, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the bottle. Then, he said:

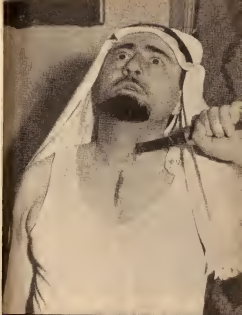
"Mrs. Skenske, I arrest you on the charge of murdering your husband."

The dark woman stared back triumphantly.

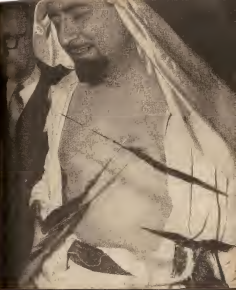
"First," she said, "produce the corpse deficit."

The inspector started and stared at the bottle in his hand. It was empty. Too late, he remembered the steak and onions he had had for breakfast.

Then, the retainer of Professor Skenske escaped the law.



HE FELT NO PAIN!



TAHRA BEY was accused of being a mass-kill trickster because he would do things to his body that should have killed him, but didn't. TAHRA BEY was born in 1903 at Casertanopoli of Lebanese parents. In 1925 he became a doctor of medicine. Then, started India and Tibet studying fakirs and their methods

TAHRA BEY was forbidden to practice reactive hypnosis in Paris, but the picture on the left was taken while he was hypnotizing a patient before a group of witnesses. To prove his mastery over pain he plunged daggers into his throat, bored his chest with long steel needles. Fearless as a feline in identifying needles, proving there is no fakery.



TAHIRA BEY could render himself insensible at will. By pressing his thumbs against the carotid artery (which ought to choke him) he put himself in a cataleptic state which lasted for ten minutes, and was followed by a 45-minute lethargy. His guest called was the psychiatrist, Dr. VACHET, who for 25 years had been trying to prove that TAHIRA BEY was a quack!

THE ability to become at will insensible to pain enables one to lie on a bed of nails as Indians believe in. TAHIRA BEY reversed proved his point. His critics saw that the nails were sharp. Dr. VACHET made many explanations of the phenomenal things TAHIRA BEY did to himself, but the BEY simply replied, "I really do it, don't I? And I can do it again!"

A grunt for

When a wrestler plans to break someone's head, he sure it isn't yours.

YOUNG sportswriter Wilke Warren leaped dejectedly against a post in front of Williams's gymnasium and dived upon his favorite subject. That was the quiet lamenting against a fate which had given him insufficient backing to pursue life partnership in winniness Catherine O'Neil.

"It's the helliest cost, not the up-kick," he often told the pretty colleen. "You got five hundred quid saved up. The minute I get another

thousand we set the date, honey."

Two stuns then entered Wilke's life, each to have a distinct bearing upon it. One was a gust of wind, the other a hit. The hit belonged to a bearded giant then posing Wilke's post. At that moment, the wind suddenly lifted and whirled it into the street. Unsuccessful of a swiftly approaching car, Wilke subconsciously dashed after the hit and scooped it from beneath the suddenly screeching tires.

the Groaner

By RUSS DAVIS

The giant accepted its return and exhibited from beneath the brush on his face two rows of very large teeth, most of them loosely crowned with gold. Fearsome though his appearance was, his smile revealed unambiguously that for the fever rendered he intended to be a friend.

"I thank you," he murmured unnecessarily. "I am your servant." He spoke possible English, yet with a slight foreign stiffness. "Command

me Ask, and it is immediately done."

"Well right," Wilke said. He looked again and indicated the grin with a nod of his head. "You a wrestler?"

In answer, the three-hundred-pounder drew himself up and clanked his heels. "I am Kosmas Palucki," he said proudly.

"The Warsaw Amazon?"

The huge man again revealed his bridge-work and swept a tremendous paw in a pretty gesture across the horizon to convince Wilke that in spite of the name he had no appetite at the moment for octopus, cow or on the half shell. "Assamass! Yes," he said with another dusty gesture. "But that is only for the week. I have study of some of the finest universities in Europe." He beamed geniality. "But when I promise the law, hoh, I stuff." A look of complacency spread over his face. "So I read. And eat." He made a circular motion over his entire digestive tract and nodded with gleeful head laughter. "And I have a good devil to feed No?"

"Yes," Wilke said quickly. Just the Amazon forgot his merry food. "See, this match you've got tomorrow with John Fagarty is your first shot here. How about a story for the 'Express'?"

"Gorra," Kosmas Palucki said. "You are my friend. You are my best friend being much like this," he waving his hands until the knuckles showed white, "we have a cup of coffee and

decided mixed a fly-ing tackle and plunged wldly through the ropes.

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRARD LAHTS



to be 'Yes!' He still grinned madly. "Yes."

Willie had a cup of coffee. Kasimir tucked a napkin under his chin, lapped and ordered. He ate a large stein steak, quite rare, a double order of mashed potatoes, a special order of string beans, carrots and peas, drank three cups of coffee, and polished that off with a triple scoop of vanilla ice cream which he generously furnished with chocolate sauce and two bags of peanuts.

"Nothing like what you call it in Australia, a snack!"

"Nothing like a snack," Willie agreed.

They talked, and finally Willie found himself speaking quietly of Catherine O'Neil and of how he needed another thousand before he would feel in position to wed and supply the necessary comforts, such as a combination radio and record player, for the love nest. At that instant, Kasimir Pulaski brought his hot down head on the table and the dishes rattled and the other customers jumped as though there had been a minor explosion there in the restaurant.

"Money?" Kasimir belched. "A grand! Eh, that is simple. You owe my hat. You owe my friend. I do things for my friends. With my friends I am stick together. There was a man once. He was a great man. He risk his life for me." He closed his eyes briefly as though to forget. "It was the war," he said. "I was caught in barbed wire and this great man, this Stanislaw Modjalski, moved through the mud to cut me loose." He bent the table again. "For this Stanislaw Modjalski I do anything." He shrugged. "But I don't see him after that. He comes to Australia they said. I look but I do not find him."

"That'll make a good story," Willie said, jotting down a few newspaper notes on a sheet of copy paper.

"But, you," the mighty Pulaski closed a finger the size of a banana at Willie. He lowered his voice, beckoned Willie to come closer, and bent his whiskers over the table. He looked cautiously around them before he spoke again. "Tomorrow I read Fogarty."

"I know," Willie said. "He's good. Was all his books around here?"

Kasimir Pulaski indicated himself. "Tomorrow I win."

"Hope you do."

"Hope?" Kasimir started. "Tomorrow I win," he said positively.

An idea began to penetrate Willie's brain. He also became furtive. "Are you trying to tell me it's in the hat?" he asked, looking quickly around to make certain nobody heard. Kasimir Pulaski smiled a generous smile.

"If I bet my five hundred on you it's a sure thing?"

"You owe my hat from being drunk. I make you money." He waved his huge mitt in a gesture that said plainly, think-nothing-of-it.

Willie wrote a human interest story on Kasimir Pulaski's search for his friend, Stanislaw Modjalski, and then he set out for the O'Neil home.

"Fella, 'is Willie," Old Man O'Neil said as he opened the door, "and his out of breath he is for true."

When he had disappeared, Willie outlined his plan.

"It's a cinch," he told the pretty Catherine.

Catherine wasn't quite so sure. "So was that horse, Morning Glory, that failed in the afternoon but summer," she said. "If I hadn't threatened to break our engagement then, we'd have lost your money on that dog."

"But, look," Willie argued. "The guy knows what he is doing. It's a fix. Why shouldn't we cash in on it?" Catherine warned. "Well..."

(Please turn to page 42)



"Don't you ever snack?"



Lazing on the sunny side
Is well worthwhile on any beach
When you are at high or low tide
May be well within your reach
Let these simple words be your guide
Take the chances that arise,
For the guy that never has tried
Is the one who never wins a prize

Parody by Duke Arden
by RKO Radio Pictures

"He gave me the script," Willie insisted. "He wins the first fall and loses the second. Then he takes the third. It's the first time Fogarty has lost here and there's a big build-up for a rematch. It'll be a terrific spot and the rematch will pack them in."

"I suppose . . ."

"Look," Willie said. "I drew out my five hundred. I can't bet it because everybody knows I'm with the 'Expenses,' and if they saw me betting like that they'd suspect something. You take a hundred and bust up the rest. Give your Dad and brothers each a hundred. Don't tell them anything except who to bet on."

"I won't have anything to do with it."

Willie played trump. "As I love you, Catherine," he said, "this means that our future becomes the present. We can go down and arrange it the day after tomorrow. Think of it. Next week we will be Mr and Mrs Willie Warren!"

That was the conviction. And then the lovers spent the rest of the evening making plans for an immediate wedding and honeymoon. When Willie kissed her good night Catherine was heartily enthusiastic.

"It'll call you as soon as the hours are over," Willie said.

Kennir, the Assassin, was the first fall according to the script and Willie peacefully contemplated the immediate future with the pretty Catherine at his side. Life was full and rosy and the world a great place to live and love.

Fogarty won the second fall and it was obvious to Willie that Kennir had taken the easy way. The big man walked as he left the ring for his dressing room and Willie trailed along. They were working in Russian rules—a break between falls. The Warner Assassin spread his hands on a rubbing table and the room emptied save for Willie.

"Now I fix him good," Kennir granted. "He lasts two minutes."

There was a sudden disturbance in the hall, the door burst open, and a thin, seemingly startled man catapulted into the room. He stared at the Assassin who frowned and raised his head to glare at the intruder.

"Kennir Pulaski!" he announced.

"Stanislaw Modjinski!" the glass roared. He leaped across the room and pounced the newcomer to him.

And then the two great friends wept openly and unashamed.

"It stands in the paper you look for me," Stanislaw said as he stood back and regarded his friend. "I don't know until then this Assassin he is my good friend, Kennir Pulaski!"

Kennir drew himself up. "Command me," he said.

A look of furching crossed the face of Stanislaw. Plainly he had something to say.

"You win?" he asked.

The wrestler bent upon his chest. "I win," he thundered.

But instead of appearing annoyed, the face of Stanislaw lengthened.

"You are sad?" Kennir asked.

"I don't follow much the results," Stanislaw said. "But they tell me this Fogarty he is good one. So I take my money." He shrugged modestly. "To some, not much. To me, all. I bet on Fogarty." He purred. "Kennir wins Stanislaw loses."

That was grave news to the guest.

He explored possibilities. "Kennir loses?" Stanislaw asked. He met the crisis with a noble heart. "I do anything for Stanislaw Modjinski. We are stick together." Then he made his decision with solemn finality. "Kennir loses."

That was grave news, indeed, to Willie.

"But my five hundred . . ." he protested weakly.

"I am sorry," Kennir said. "My bet. It is crush." He waved his hand. "Poof, I buy another." He levelled a finger at Willie. "My life



POWER
REPLY

"Your sermon on economy seemed to make quite an impression, Reverend."

It is such. I have no more." He passed to lightning for Willie the drama of the moment. "That," he said, "is Stanislaw Modjalski!"

The fans didn't quite get the drift of the asseurs in the deciding fall. But it was too plain to Willie Arceneux to have his shoulders pinned for the count of three to keep his friend from bankruptcy. Kasimir Paladeu left himself wide open time and again, but the bewildered John Fogarty, aware of the original script, failed to take advantage. Both men seemed almost obviously, petulantly anxious to lie down on the mat and be adjudged the loser.

Kasimir finally took matters into his own hands, phlegmat through the ropes in a wild dive after mauling a flying tackle. Rolling from the mat apron, he fell to the floor where he took the fall, though hesitant, extent of a periplocous reflexes. An embarrassed Fogarty accepted the accolade due the winner and fled from the ring.

It was well past midnight before the shattered Willie summoned courage to call Catherine O'Neil.

"Did you get the money down?"
"Yes," Catherine replied, "but . . ."
"Okay, okay," Willie said, his world in ruins.

"Your pal, Paladeu, must have told others it was a conch," Catherine said indignantly. "The odds were ten to one he would win."

"He didn't," Willie said.
There was silence for a moment.
"Let's get this straight," she said.
"I bet a hundred on the Assman and lost!"

"Yes," Willie said. "I'm a fool."
Catherine's long shriek startled him.
"Those long odds were too tempting to my Dad and brother," she screamed. "And Dad said here and we three must stick together, and why would the O'Neils anyway be after betting with a brother of a lad named Fogarty?" We win four thousand pounds!"



"You can wipe the pleased expression. I'm just getting some things ready for dry-cleaning."

.. The Cold, Cold Ground

Thirty-seven years after he was born, he was picked up in a Bowery door-house. . . . a broken demented suffering from malnutrition, alcoholism and an apparently self-inflicted slash in the neck. But in his short life, he gave to the world a series of the most masterpiece songs ever written.

Nobody at first recognized him, and he died three days later. His name was Stephen Foster.

His songs, "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Mama's in the Cold, Cold Ground," were it is said, inspired by his yearning for his dead mother who, in her attempts to shield him from the world's troubles, had prevented him from becoming emotionally mature.

The theory has substance—for Stephen Foster, creator of those haunting Southern songs, never travelled into the land of the negroes.

When the Blue Bay pirates sent ransom notes, it was wise to pay up—first time.



Piracy

WITH ALL MOD. CONS.

THE boys of Blue Bay are back in business again—much refreshed after a short closure for repairs and reequipment. And this time they have returned equipped with all the best modern gadgets.

When I first looked down from the sky on Blue Bay, it seemed to be just another innocently thriving fishing community on the coast of China be-

tween Hong Kong and Shanghai. But under this deceptive exterior it has for hundreds of years been the home of an bloody-minded crew of pirates so evil and so protesting that-chant to the sharks of the South Sea.

These pirates were at their peak almost exactly 100 years ago when their leader—a homicidal character with

the fascinating name of Shep-og-tai—was collecting such profits from a career of murder, rape and general mayhem that he felt justified in refusing the title of Red-Birden Mar-don, which the Chinese Government offered him as a bribe if he would desist from his gaudy occupation.

As a matter of fact, Shep was too successful. When his lieutenant—another homicidal individual called Chin Apoo—had murdered two British officers rather casually in the streets of Hong Kong, the Admiral in command of the China Station came to the understandable conclusion that Shep was inclined to go too far.

To demonstrate his disapproval, the Admiral sent out Captain J. C. Del-croix. They chased H.M. Sloop "Columbia," accompanied by several other naval vessels and—far more ob-scure reason—the Orient Company's steamship, "Canton."

Captain Delcroix's ship proceeded to Blue Bay. There, after a 45-minute bombardment, he liquidated twenty-three piratical junks (overcoming 600 tons and mounting from 12 to 18 small three new ones on the stocks and two small dock-yards).

It says something for the military infatuation which the British Navy then carried on the China Coast that, of the 1500 pirates who manned the junks 400 were killed and the rest dispersed for the loss of one Britisher (in-jured).

An economic depression imme-diately fell on Blue Bay business. But its full effect was felt only gradually. As late as 1848 the Blue Bay boys were still active enough to send a fleet of junks close to Australian waters where they narrowly failed to pirate the steamer "Brewer," on her way from Australia to Hong Kong with 213 Chinese from the goldfields.

The real depression did not set in until about 1860. Then, for the next 40 years, Blue Bay business was in the doldrums. Now and again a few

of the more enterprising souls did manage to cut out a stray Chinese junk or to slit the throat of a wan-dering fisherman but, all in all, piracy proved exceedingly unprofitable and even its most ardent exponents were deterred by the almost one hundred per cent likelihood that they would swiftly depart this life on the end of a rope.

The Pacific War came as a God-send to Blue Bay. The Blue Bay boys had never had much affection for the ungainly Japanese and they were only too happy to seize modern weapons for the laudible purpose of assassinating any Japanese they might meet.

They were cheerfully engaged in this pastime when the Japanese at-tacker left them at something of a dead-end.

They had very scanty of weapons but no apparent cause for using them. They were not long in dis-covering an opportunity.

Chung Kuo-Shik plunked down on export embargo on China's coasts and all good Americans broadcast a deep sigh of relief. Soon scores of junks were running a shuttle-service from Hong Kong and other points East, eagerly availing their and com-patriots of the forbidden benefits of Western civilization in return for large bundles of Chinese dollars, or much, better, weighty bars of gold.

The Blue Bay boys hastened to cash in on this traffic. As the whole pro-ceeding was highly illegal, they had more or less of a free hand. Junk after junk began mysteriously to dis-appear and Hong Kong waterfront be-came cluttered with the distressed—wealth naturally melted—wails of disconsolate exporters whose entire stock-in-trade had suddenly been reft from them.

It might not have been so had it the Blue Bay boys had not followed nec-essary mourning procedure and feared the confiscated Hong Kong currency up-

river to Canton to whiskadee them there. But they did—and so added insult to injury.

They had made Canton a racketeer's paradise from which Al Capone's Chicago could have drawn instructive lessons by the time Chiang Kai-Shek grew openly offended and sent his influential brother-in-law, Dr. T. V. Soong, to govern the city.

Dr. Soong started things going with a loud, verbal broadside. After announcing his wholehearted detests for any swaggler of any kind, he issued a public statement warning the Baa Bay boys that he took a particularly dim view of them. He went so far as to hint that they must either leave from their profitable h-packing—or else!

The Baa Bay boys laughed a hearty belly laugh and promptly replied with a counter-statement. In this they warned Dr. Soong that, if he did not cease making plans on private enterprise, they would take steps to show him the error of his ways.

When Dr. Soong responded with the Chinese equivalent of a vulgar raspberry, they set out to show him.

What happened to the "Pusher," a cover-steamer running between Canton and Hong Kong, was the result.

As usual, the "Pusher" left Canton covered in burring-powder with chickens in coops, end-smalling wicker-baskets and jumbled Chinese. It was half-way to the sea when there was a blinding flash and a resounding bang.

The Japanese, during the Occupation, had mined the waters around Hong Kong and Canton, very thoroughly. After the Japanese surrender, the Baa Bay boys had, with an eye on the future, collected a work assortment of these mines. They had gone to the trouble of strapping some of them in a line across the river. It was one of these which the "Pusher" had struck.

What occurred next about the

"Pusher" can never be adequately described. Enough to say that the Chinese passengers reacted as was their habit. In the panic hundreds were either trampled to death or drowned. They were still shouting curses when, in Canton, a Reader correspondent—who, but for a far-well party the night before, would have been aboard the "Pusher"—heaved a long sigh of relief and nibled the first news of the ship to Hong Kong.

Dr. Soong hastily organized punitive squads of soldiers. The Baa Bay boys laughed a hearty belly-laugh and, going into psychoanalytic retirement, watched unamused from their hiding places while the permanent military paraded the river banks.

A few weeks later they found the coast clear enough to emerge. The Dutch-owned steamer, "Tjilseppep," was about twelve hours out of Hong Kong. She carried a bawled crew of Chinese stevedore passengers and a shipment of gold. An officer was reckoned with an unpleasant start to find his nose being rubbed by a large Luger pistol, gripped by a squat and rudimentarily-learned Chinese. It did not seem an occasion for argument. Without quibbling and encouraged by pistol-poke in the ribs, the officer allowed himself to be conducted to the bridge. There he was appalled to find the seat of the ship's command manned by a varied collection of men ranging from kitchen-guns to daggers.

On the decks below, other Chinese—armed with an even more lefted assortment of cutlery—were creating a line-up of the passengers. Still others were carrying cargo from the hold.

None of the "Tjilseppep's" officers seem to have been inclined to be talkative but, before they were herded away to be locked in their cabins, they had time to remark a junk and several sampans edging into the



"You'll send up the house detective? He's the guy that's annoying me!"



ships safe. When, some hours later, a hurried board released them, they found that the junk, and the sampans had departed.

With them had gone most of the cargo, the consignment of gold and a selection of wealthy Hong Kong Chinese, including one millionaire of Hong Kong dollars can make a millionaire).

All the buzzard officers could say was that suddenly such had had a gun-man at his elbow. How the gun-man had got there and whence they had come, no one knew. It had merely happened. But whoever planned the raid, it was one of the most daring and the most successful on the China Coast. Everything had gone off with split-second timing—even to the rendezvous with the sampans and the junk. The Blue Boy boys had scored again.

I was in Hong Kong when the first ransom notes appeared. In the curious manner of the Blue Boy boys, these introductory epistles were couched in the most polite terms. They merely stated that So-and-so and So-and-so were being "entertained" and could be "contacted" after the payment of Dollars Such-and-such.

But the roadblocks were under no

illusions. They knew what to expect. If the first note did not receive a satisfactory response, it was apt to be followed by a second note, couched in tamer terms and possibly with a portion of the "guests" or attached. If this note, too, drew no reply, it would be followed by other notes—each progressively less polite and each bearing some other portion of the "guests" anatomy.



With the Blue Boy boys, it paid to say up.

In view of which it is, perhaps, only too obvious that most of the notes were answered without the formality of calling on the Hong Kong police—and the Blue Boy boys had another belly-laugh.

That was in 1941 and it seems to have inspired Blue Boy to higher things. The ransom-attacks came last year.

There is a daily flying-bus service between Hong Kong and Macao, the Portuguese city not far away on the Chinese coast. Late one afternoon Hong Kong was startled to hear that the plane had crashed near Macao.

Ransom launches which went out salvaged one injured and semi-drowned Chinese, clinging to a life-buoy. That was all.

At first, it seemed just another of those unpredictable accidents of the air. But, before long, it looked as if the plane had been loaded with a consignment of gold and then the lone Chinese was sufficiently revived to talk.

Even his sketchy and half-bardolante story, Hong Kong police deduced enough to reconstruct the affair.

The boys of Blue Boy have always been closely linked with the Triad, the powerful secret society which by blackmail and murder holds a tight control on Chinese life.

The Triad is one of those Chinese organizations which draws its funds from no source at which anyone has any particular touch. It lives mainly on the badgering of coolies and collects its funds, sent by Hong Kong



and, from the earnings of tea-sellers and of prostitutes.

In my own time, it was the Triad which kidnaped a British schoolmaster and left him tied in a half-demolished black-house with a dozen Chinese and the girl with whom he had been walking up the stairs towards the beach beyond Stanley Jail, and the broken hospital where Japanese storm-troopers laygasted nurses

and wounded men in their beds.

The Triad men took the Chinese and left the school-master sitting at the desk of a Hong Kong newspaper that night. I had a ring from the school-master, he said he never expected to see his fellow captives again.

Evidence showed that the Triad wanted the Macao gold. Either Triad men or some of the Blue Boy boys looked on the plane as passengers. Somewhere close to Macao they staged their hold-up. The idea seems to have been to force the plane to land and unload the gold into contempt.

The plan might have succeeded if it had not been for the second pilot. One bandit was holding a revolver to the back of the pilot's neck and another was threatening the passengers with a rifle when the second pilot seized a spinner and took a hand in the game.

The Chinese survivor had seen him rush the air-pilots. The rest is hidden in the burly-burly as the plane crashed into the sea. Bandits, passengers and crew all died.

The Blue Boy's master-crew had miscounted. But, if I know anything about them, they will not be unduly depressed. It may take more than a minor naval action to finish them this time.



death pays a dividend



Though crime doesn't pay, the reporter found it wise to keep the court's secret.

By RALPH HERARD

CRIME

WELL, Master Thomas, at last I've decided to tell about Peterson's murder. I'm not telling you just because you're a newspaper man. I'm selfish about it. You've brought me excitement you've kept me company. You were selfish about that. You were working on a story. Now you're going to get it. But I don't think you're going to print it. There's conditions attached to it, or I wouldn't be telling.

You see, Master Thomas, Peterson was an old bachelor. He was fifty years old, a little blond stoop-shouldered man who lived alone out on the Kanto-Asburn hamper. Ben Harlow, Peterson's best friend, lived farther down the road. They both died out a living strong chockers, selling eggs, raspberries, loganberries and things like that. Peterson was twenty years older, but he was more ambitious and thrifty. John Harlow had green old and lay already at thirty, and was searching for an easy way to get by.

Yesterday night, Edm Depsang, who lived half a mile west, and Sam Rodstrom from Kanto would often stop at Peterson's and play pluckie. Harlow would be there, too. They'd

have some whiskey. Ben Rodstrom and Depsang both thought they'd never seen any quarrel between Harlow and Peterson.

That's why Harlow got life instead of the chair. In spite of the evidence the Missouri jury couldn't quite believe Ben Harlow had killed his best friend.

Well one day Harlow and Peterson were having hay. It was hot. Harlow had a bottle of whiskey, and they each took a drink. "Pretty hard work," Harlow scratched his lips and nudged at his friend, "for the little money there is in it."

Peterson blinked incredulously and collapsed onto the floor.

Peterson worked. "There may be more money in it than you think, Ben," Peterson began to talk. Finally he stood up a little unsteadily and said, "Come on, Ben, I'll show you something."

The little walk they took into the timber that day was never mentioned at the trial.

On the way back Peterson said, "We ought to have another drink." They each took one, then Peterson looked at a big old-fashioned watch he carried and said, "One-thirty. Time we picked some more hay." That big watch played a part in the murder, too.

No, thanks. No more cigarettes. Harlow took his time planning the



murder. It was to be exceedingly simple. He didn't think up any special alibi. Everybody knew he was Peterson's best friend. Nobody knew about the walk they had taken. There was no reason for him to kill Peterson.

He chose a Saturday night for the killing, a night when Slim Deguring, Sam Roddison, and himself would all be playing cards at Peterson's.

He had an old .45 caliber revolver. Peterson, Deguring and Roddison all knew about the gun. Sometimes the four friends would use it for target practice, then Harlow would take it back to the house, clean it and stick it back in a worn holster that hung on the wall.

On Wednesday, Roddison dropped in at Harlow's place. They had a drink together. "How about a little sheering with the old .45?" Roddison suggested.

Harlow had waited several weeks for either Roddison or Deguring to suggest target practice. Agreeing at himself might sound suspicious later.

Harlow went into the house for the .45. He came out a few minutes later frowning in a puzzled way. "The gun's gone, Sam. Someone must have stolen it."

Of course, Harlow had simply taken the gun from its holster and hidden it. Saturday night he took the loaded weapon in his right hip pocket, an unopened bottle of whiskey in his left pocket and a pair of canvas gloves in his coat.

Early in the morn that evening Roddison produced a bottle of whiskey. Peterson also had a bottle. With two bottles already available, Harlow kept his in his pocket.

Peterson had a Big Ben clock on the heating oven of his high-backed wood range. "Keeps perfect time," he always claimed, "same as old Betsy here." He would tap his fingers busily against his old gold watch. "I compare 'em every morning. They

never vary a single tick-and-oh, yes."

About midnight they settled their cards late. Each took one perching drink. Harlow drank from Peterson's bottle, his own still unopened in his pocket. "Too pretty tired, Frank," he said. "TD was along." He stripped onto the porch and lit his lantern. He was the first to leave.

He walked homeward slowly and kept glancing back. When Roddison's and Deguring's lanterns were out of sight, he raised the chimney on his own and blew out the flame. Setting the lantern down at the base of a certain tree he returned carefully to Peterson's house and knocked on the door.

Peterson arose with one shoe already off, yawning noticeably. "Back again, Ben? Forgot something?" "I forgot my panache deck," Harlow said.

Peterson led the way into the kitchen to look for the deck. Harlow closed the outside door behind himself, took the .45 from his pocket, and levelled it. As Peterson turned, Harlow fired once.

Peterson's mouth opened wide and his eyes blinked as he reeled onto the floor groping at his stomach. Harlow stood toward him, the gun ready, but a second shot wasn't necessary. Peterson was dead.

Harlow's gloved hand pocketed the gun. He methodically picked up a kitchen chair and smashed it over another. He knocked groceries off the kitchen shelves, smashed his unopened bottle of whiskey against Peterson's good time-keeping Big Ben, and watched the clock and broken bottle glass roll over the debris already on the floor. He knew no one would ever believe he had killed his best friend in such a terrible struggle. Finally he stopped, obtained a note book and a key from Peterson's pocket, then blew out the lamp and left the house.

He picked up the lantern he had



"You think this is fast, Mildred? Well all we hit the open road."

left by the tree and turned the gun into a field, not caring whether anyone found it or not, because his fingerprints weren't on it. He already had the alibi about it being stolen. At home, he burned the curtain gloves.

Yeah, I'll take another cigarette now. You're getting impatient, aren't you? You think you're about to get something you can phase your paper. You know I'm Ben Marlow, but you won't have all the time to see how I was convicted. But what you really want to know is why I killed Peterson.

Well, I'm a man who didn't believe in coexistence. Not speaking of coexistence, Mister Thomas. Why did my bullet that killed Peterson have to pass through his old gold watch first and stop the watch at exactly twelve forty-five? Why did the Big Ben clock I knocked off the stove with the whiskey bottle have to stop at twelve forty-seven? That proved Peterson was killed before the clock was knocked down and showed the struggle itself was a fake.

Why should little pieces of glass from the clock face fall inside the broken neck of the whiskey bottle without the government seal over the cork even being broken? And why would my fingerprints have to show on the glass from the whiskey bottle free when I had put it in my pocket before I put on the gloves? Putting those things all together told the jury the truth plain as day if they'd been here, Mister Thomas.

Oh, the witness!

Well, that day Peterson took me into the kitchen, he showed me a hole in an old hollow stump. Over a period of years he had hidden some thousand pounds there in a small nickel-steel safe. The safe was small, but a good one, and secretly tucked away. Peterson always carried the key with him, and also a note book in which he kept his accounts.

Well? Well, Mister Thomas. Don't

rush out of here and try to telephone your paper from the wooden's office. You haven't heard everything yet. You forget that I told you there'd be a catch to my story.

There, that's better. Sit down again. Yeah, another cigarette.

Mister Thomas, an old man goes loose now. You've been lots of company. You brought me lots of cigarettes. I was afraid if I didn't tell you, you'd get discouraged and maybe stop coming. So I decided to play my trump.

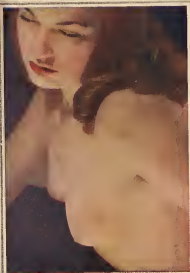
Surprised, eh? You wonder what I got up my sleeve. Well, Mister Thomas, I got exactly nine thousand pounds up my sleeve. Before I was arrested I got that money and hid it in a different place. Even a convict can make a will. He can have it placed where no one can read it till he dies.

Interested, eh? Thought you would be.

Peterson never had kids nor kin, no relatives anywhere. I got none either. That money isn't mine. Legally it belongs to the state. But if I left a sealed envelope with the wooden that was to be given to you only after I was dead, I could tell you where that money is, then you could go and get it. The state doesn't even know it exists.

Got you puzzled, hasn't it? It would never be legally yours maybe, but I figure it could be morally yours if you'd come and see me pretty often, just to sort of sit and chew the rag and bring me cigarettes. Of course, if you'd rather print the story, I'll just deny it and say you're crazy; that you just made it up to make a scoop. Maybe I can find somebody else who'd like to gamble on being kind to an old fool who maybe don't deserve it.

You say you'll think it over, Mister Thomas. Well, that's fine. Think you. And when you come again, bring me some cigarettes, won't you?



Story by Moonlight Stories

STYLE IN SPYING

By JOHN ADAMS



She was a spy—in an era when women spies used handsets rather than radios.

WEARING a neat American suit and suit, specially made for the given occasion, and a new pair of white gloves, the woman faced the firing squad. She was not strikingly beautiful, but her features were regular and her skin had an exotic look. She stood utterly still, but the young French noble, who, as officer of the day had to give the fatal order

hesitated when he lifted his voice, and gave the command, "Fire!"

Legend states that Mata-Hari dressed for her last moment in a fine black coat—over her wide dancer's flesh. This is incorrect. But she did do heavily and dramatically with an amazing exhibition of poise, according to the testimony of the firing squad.

Mata-Hari was a product of that era in espionage when women spies employed their beauty rather than their brains. Today the expert woman secret agent has to be a serious-minded college graduate. Because chemical formulas, bell-like devices, and mechanical computations are the basis of up-to-date warlike, alchemical figures are infeasibly more important than alluring figures.

The modern spy must have graduated in photography from the box-camera to the high-speed camera, and must be able to do her own negatives in the kitchen sink. She must belong to the robust type of female who doesn't get sea-sick, sea-sick or land-sick.

She has to be an expert linguist and have a remarkably good ear and visual memory, because anything important enough to be written down is dangerous, if found. She doesn't require a wardrobe which costs largely of changing gowns—lots of woollies are equally important for hanging round drowsy airports.

She mustn't drink—well, to excess, and she has to have her vitts about her on such and every occasion. Government today, are less interested in non-appearance—though sex appeal is no more a deterrent to success in the spy business than in any other.

Women spies of the Mata-Hari vintage spent their days at the dressmaker's and the races, and their evenings mooning in the arms of international secretaries who obligingly whispered state secrets into their diamond earrings. Their midnight's were spent over champagne coppers, reporting the day's dances to their respective bosses.

According to the legend, Mata-Hari was born in Java, the illegitimate daughter of an convict person. After an unhappy marriage went on the legend, she fled to Europe where she triumphed; she was beautiful, she was intelligent; never had such perfection

of the seductive art been seen before.

She had friends among Ministers—the name of one French Minister was mentioned, and he disappeared from public life—among generals, among Royal personages. Thus, according to the legend, when she was enlisted by the Germans, her role was easy.

The fact is that her talents were commonplace and her motives mercenary. Her real name was Gijtha Gell, and her family were Dutch housewives. When she was eighteen she applied to a matrimonial advertisement, and married a Captain of the East Indies, much older than herself.

When she seduced him to Java, she began to display her frivolous and voluptuous nature. She spent money extravagantly and made a themselves set for more than one young officer.

When they returned to Paris, Mata-Hari fell into disrepute ways—the frequented a "maison de rendezvous" and lived on love at full-time production. The disillusioned Captain at last flung her off, and even as a courtesan, she found she was hard-pressed to make a living.

At last she thought of the weird, risqué dances of the East. She had never studied them, but it was not difficult to invent rhythmic motions that might pass in Paris for pseudo, exotic-religious frenzy. So she made a spectacular entry as Mata-Hari . . . daughter of the Devil!

Invited to dance at a literary salon before a gigantic statue of Rimbaud, she was approached by artists, writers, actors, and society men and women—the bizarre crowd which makes up the Paris Bohemian milieu.

As a dancer in secret salons, she was in considerable demand among daring international bohemians. She went through her posturing about naked, in the subdued light of Temple back-grounds.

In her dances, she displayed her lean, lithe, muscular limbs and her

excellent body which lacked corporeal complications, and was no mere exciting trade than dressed.

One of her most noteworthy performances was held in the garden of an American lady who was noted for her voracious social indifference. While dachshund gaped, the egg-dancer made her spectacular entry, neatly nude, on a turquoise-blue experienced circus horse. She had originally planned to make her entry on a corset circus elephant, but her sponsor had drawn the line at the mixture of elephants and afternoon tea.

At another more intimate feminine fête, she engaged herself—at a high price—to dance entirely nude before ladies only.

Her number was a Juvenese war-dance, done with weapons. In the middle of the act, she rightly suspected, because of the large show, that one of the assembled "ladies" was a lady's husband. Never lacking to courage, Mata-Hari neatly ran him through with a spear, in the middle of the show.

During the peak period of her career, she established herself as an important national spectacle, by riding each morning in the Bois de Boulogne. Her embryonic physique looks best on a horse, which was always a dappled grey. She affected an old-fashioned equestrian get-up with a top-hat and flying veil. Her street clothes also had an Armenian touch; she looked to the military in her tailoring.

Her success as a dancer was short-lived. On the eve of the First World War, she was earning her living by more dubious means than equestrian poses. At last she was in real distress. Long before the war she showed considerable curiosity in newspaper circles regarding international affairs.

On the eve of war she went to Germany, then to Amsterdam, and at the beginning of 1915, returned to France,

showed with a mansion of expenses for which she was allowed \$3,000 marks.

At first she lived in a modest hotel but as time and prosperity moved on, she moved to the Juven Hotel Grillon. It had two advantages to a spy—it was near the French Ministry of War and not too far from the palace of the President of France.

In her Golden days, Mata-Hari moved up in the world. She was much noted at first nights, and in cafes on the night afternoons.

The men who thought they knew her best, knew her the least. These were the misguided young French lieutenants, for whom she made a shrewd bet. What she wanted from them was news about troop movements; what they wanted from her was the brief story of love. And for a while, Mata-Hari perhaps enjoyed the benefit of the exchange.

She kept out of trouble until 1915, for she was operating from Spain for a large portion of the time, and was later blamed for the torpedoing of many vessels.

When the war situation in France became disquieting, the Germans considered she would be more useful residing permanently in Paris. From this point she was closely watched; the British Intelligence Service gave an account of her movements to the French. A month later she was arrested.

The evidence of her brilliantly successfully competence as a spy was so great, that her established social friends could not properly protest, and anyhow, promises about spies were viewed with suspicion in French court circles.

During the trial she pretended that her German correspondents were her lovers. But the seven military judges could do nothing but find H. H.—her designation as a spy—guilty.

Her defense was conducted by an aged advocate, Maurice Clauet, who



"Er—got an aspirin?"

had been met of her admirers, and afterwards her lover. When she was condemned, he begged the President to reprieve her, and not to place a woman before the firing squad.

To sustain her course, he told her that the rifles of the firing squad would not be loaded, and that a mock execution was necessary to satisfy the public. She was to fall when the men fired, and she would then be carried back to her cell.

In the sequestration which followed the trial many prominent French politicians were involved. One letter from a French Minister telling of his associations with the famous spy reads: "This is the true story of my relations with Mata-Hari. For many months by all the means of seduction which she incomparably commanded, she con-

vinced me to concede the right to seduce myself my mistress. I found her tempting but disquieting, charming but mysterious. I was impatient enough not only to tell her so, but to write to her."

Though she has enjoyed, since her death especially, the reputation of being a great courtesan, her real love was the German Government—as a woman and a spy she was faithful to it.

Whether she believed her attorney's fantastic fib or not, she declined to have her eyes bandaged at the execution, and she faced the rifles with a smile.

She showed superlative poise. When the order was given to fire, she unconsciously cried, "Vive l'Allemagne!" as her last words.

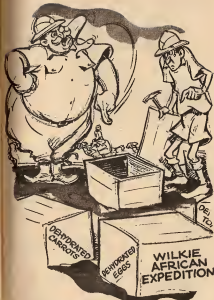
This was a fight . . .

According to the *News-Mirror's Guide*, the longest Australian fight on record was that between James Kelly and Jonathan Smith, which took place at Melbourne in November, 1885. Details of that contest are vague, but it is known that it lasted for six hours and 15 minutes. For sheer strategy, as well as duration, however, possibly no prize fight matches the bout between Frank Crook and Harry Sharpe, held at Monrovia, Illinois (American) in 1932.

The men both weighed 235 pounds, and the contest was to have started at two o'clock. With the referee missing, and argument taking place about his substitute, it was five o'clock before the men entered the ring. It looked as though the contest would be comparatively short, for by the eighth round, Sharpe was badly battered and apparently out on his feet. At this stage, only the patrons close to the ring were able to see the contestants, and in the darkness, the rest were demanding that the fight be called off.

Then, Sharpe began to draw on his reserves of strength, and the crowd, again interested, lifted off the headlights of a train and shone them on the ring. Three hours later, the boxes were still fighting, although each was bleeding freely and nearly blind. Their gloves had become so discolored that the men, in effect, were fighting with bare fists. It was obvious, now, that the fight would last a long time. It had begun to rain, and the patrons were hungry. Some of them left the arena and made their way to the stores, where they purchased food and whisky, soon to be put on the "black market" for the benefit of the other spectators. Even the fighters took a snack between rounds. After five hours, with both fighters equal on points, Crook fell flat on his face—and Sharpe, staggering around the ring, fell across the ropes.

The referee counted Crook out, and at "last," Sharpe, too, fell on his face, the unconscious winner. Both men were carried from the ring.



"Empty? Of course it isn't, you dope! That's dehydrated water."

SLAY 'EM with these

Editor



A philosopher is one who, instead of crying over spilled milk, swallows himself with the thought that it was over four-fifths water.

One never understands the real meaning of "business" until he witnesses a woman talking over the telephone.

People who insist on drinking before driving are putting the quart before the beam.

Bully offer: One who accepts "trash money."

An essence of suspicion is worth a pound of oatmeal.

A variation is a man with an eye for sore eyes.

Tomorrow is the world's greatest idea-mongering device.

Experience the sense which sympathy gives to his relations.

There was the concealed source, who when she took her partner's pulse, calculated ten beats for her personality.

A successful man is usually an average man who either had a chance or took a chance.

There was a time when it took two shops to clothe a woman; now a single afternoon cin de it.

A heckler is a person who won't take "yes" for an answer.

It is hard for a girl to go driving on a wild night without getting a chip on her lips.

An opportunist is a man who, feeling himself in hot water, decides he might as well knee a bath anyway.

Many a fellow gets a reputation for being asymptotic when he's merely idiosyncratic.

A night club is a place where they take the rest out of restaurant and put the din in disease.

Love of money is the root of half the evil in the world, and lack of money is the root of the other half.

Three wounds all heal.

LAST AFTERNOON DOONE RECEIVES A LETTER —...EXPLAINS DELIVERY, AND ON PERMANENT PAPER.



TELL WEDDING WHY THE HOLLYWOOD LOVE IT HAS WHIPPED HIM. DOONE TURNS UP AT THE RECEPTION —



BECAUSE, MR. DOONE, YOU HAVE A REPUTATION FOR HELPING PEOPLE PERHAPS HELPS?



MAZELLA EUGENE, MISS CHERRY'S SISTER, MEETS DOONE. SAYS: 'YOU'RE THE NEW DOONE I TOLD YOU ABOUT — I'M SURE HE CAN HELP YOU!'



AS DOONE SHOWS THE ACTRESS ON TO THE BUILDING TWO GUYS OF EVIL ARE WATCHING.







SLURRY THE GIRL SLIPS INTO EXTENSIVE SLEEP...
SHE FALLS FROM A NEARBY WALL...
COMMENCES TO QUESTION HER...

"BUT IT'S MY BUSINESS... YOU ARE ASLEEP
BUT YOU CAN HEAR ME... YOU WILL ANSWER
MY QUESTIONS... TELL ME, SO YOU KNOW
YOUR NAME IS CORINNA...
MY NAME?"



"YES... I KNOW... AN ISLAND... IT IS IN A
BAY... THERE IS AN OLD GAIL THERE...
KOROTKIN HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE OLD
GAIL... NO ONE
DOES... WE'RE
NOW...
SLAVE AND
LOVELY...
RESISTANCE..."



"HOW DID
KOROTKIN
THINK HE
WOULD WIN
KOROTKIN?
WHY?"



"AT THE RECEPTION... ZELLA CONTINUES...
"I UNDERSTAND KOROTKIN AND ZOROV PLANNING..."

"EVERYTHING IS READY ON
THE ISLAND IN THE BAY...
JUMP... BUT OUR GAIL
IS MADE TO ORDER... WE
WILL CONTINUE TO WATCH
HER... OUR CHANCES
MUST COME SOON..."



"YOU WERE TOO AFRAID
TO TELL US ALL THE
BEFORE MY BUSINESS?
WHY?"



"FATHERLY THAT ISLAND
GAIL... MUST BE THE
OLD CONSUMED
DUMP ON KALPA
ISLAND?"



"KOROTKIN WOULD
HAVE KILLED ME IF
HE THOUGHT I KNEW
EVEN THE TRICKS...
COULD NEVER... HAVE
SAVED ME... ZOROV
WAS HERE TOO...
HE CAME OUT HERE
TO WAGE... FIRM
AND DOBAC...
... BUT KOROTKIN
... FOLLOW?"

"IT'S NOT ME... TO QUESTION HER, ANYMORE...
DEW, MEAL, REAR, CONSIDER IS THE FOLLOWS...
EVERYTHING SHE SAYS IS WRITTEN DOWN
THERE... I HOPE IT HELPS YOU"



"HOW CORINNA MUST BEAT
NOW... SHE WILL ANSWER
WHILE I WORK YOU CLEAN
UP THE WRECK NOT OF
TACMA, BEV?"



"TO PEOPLE, YOU'VE ACTED AS A DISTRESSED
BARGE AND EVACUATED THINGS... ALL ON
OUR LITTLE ISLAND... YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING
BETTER A LOT OF THINGS WOULD TOO, BEV...
TO GO TO THE GAIL...
NOW?"



"RIGHT ZELLA... QUIETLY A POLICE BOAT
MOVES IN ON KALPA ISLAND... OPERATION
"SOKRA" DOES NOT ACTIVATE?"



"WE CAN'T MAKE A RUN, BEV...
... THEY MIGHT TAKE IT OUT
ON THE GAIL..."

"BUT WHY LOWLY
BOUGHT A HANDFUL
OF MEN... WE'LL
HAVE TO SLEEP
ON KALPA..."



"SURE, FRANKLY
BUT KOROTKIN
MAY... I SWEAR
ONE KALPA SLUG?"



"OUT YOUR
EYES... AND
LEFT FROM HERE
HEROICANT READ
FOR THAT LITTLE
JETTY?"



DOOM'S LITTLE FORCE APPROACHES THE JOEY WITH NO ALARMS. SOME THEY ARE UNWISHT? IS SOMA STILL THERE? ... OR IS THERE SERIOUS ATTEMPT TOO LATE?



TWO POKERS APPEARED ON THE DECK'S CORNER DOCK — THE POLICE BOAT IS GIVEN CLOSE SCOUTING AND A SIGHT-SEEING LAMP VIBES OUT.



SLIPPING AHEAD OF THE OTHERS, DOOM'S STORMS AN ARMYMAN? THE CHATTERING TONGUE OF A SLASHING GUN SILENTLY REMOVES FOR COVER!



IN THE SOLEST EYES OF THE MOON, THE STAYED WARDEN ON THE POLICE BOAT SEE ... A SUGGESTION SURVIVING?



AS THE GUY SURVIVED, DOOM AND HIS PARTY LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING AHEAD AND HEADS FOR THE OLD PRISON ...



DEWIL FIRES AS HE KILLS THE TIER — THREE, THREE TIMES HIS HEAVY AUTOMATIC, READY!



ADVENTURE

SPORT

HUMOR

A packed house of entertainment—more adventure-packed reading than any other magazine for the price—plus cartoons, short features and special sporting fact stories—all help make ADAM the magazine for men who like men's stuff!



ADAM

EVERYWHERE

SLOWLY THE TOWNSMAN'S ARMED BACK AND FALLS AMONG THE BRICKS. ZURRO'S NEW PRISONER HAS FROSE-SEE?



A FIGURE APPEARED AT THE CRUMBING DOORWAY OF THE BARR. BEARING THE SAME FURIOUS EXPRESSION TO TELL OUT DEARLY HE SAYS A WILD SHOT AT DOONE...



SO THE BOY-BOY?
...GONE TO REMOTE
...CRASH, HAVE YOU?
...WELL, I'M NOT SURE
...HEE, TOOK A NERVE!

NORTON THOM—HE HEADS OFF DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR...—SOMEONE DON'T WANT FOR NORTON AND HIS MEN?



YOU'RE TALKING
NORTON?
GIVE UP?

NEVER!
NORTON
GIVE UP
MAY DIE?

GLARING THE PRIVATE NORTON REACHES THE SPINAL CELL AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR... HE GRABS HIS PISTOL...



SEAL CRACKING
FOR DEATH IN THE
NAME OF...?

REACHING A PRISONER'S CELL—GAINING HIS EMBARRASSED GLANCE IN A SATURATED QUEST DOWN THE CORRIDOR... NORTON REBES, PRISONER HAS TRIGGER?



A LONG "BOO"
BOY-BOY,
BUT IT'S ALL
YOUR!

FOR ALL THE GRATING
I DO I WOULD HAVE
GIVEN HIM MY GUN!
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT TO YOU
DEAR?

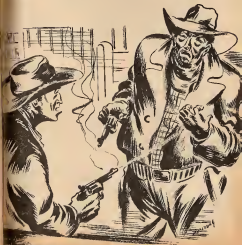


"BAGGERS!
IT WAS EASY...
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT TO YOU
DEAR?"

the shot had reached his own position. Tack Wilson was a little man. Men who had known him had never been afraid of Tack. Nor had he been the one they would turn to in case of trouble, any kind of trouble. He had a sharp, dark little face, a furrowed brow, and a furrowed nose, quick, furtive and not lost in one place. He was stout, though Tack Wilson—smart as the clever little ways that all clever little men have to keep

them from beneath the heels of the larger, firm-walking men who rule. It was Tack Wilson's smartness that held him there now, above the man who had been startled, whose blood still coiled, thrashing as it moved with the pounding drops of dark water. Even against the line that pumpled his back, Tack Wilson held, waiting out the man in the room beyond. The body had not been startled and when his first quick fear had faded, Tack's

Beneath the impact of shock the big man fell in loose collapse.



SEX KNOWLEDGE

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and crup yellow-bellied bills. It was there now, against his skin beneath cotton shirt, coat and slicker.

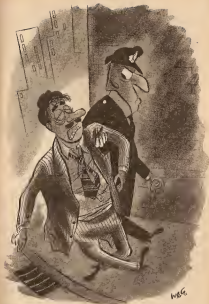
Seven thousand dollars! He rolled the sound of the thought upon the source of his mind and even when he finally noticed the quizzical glances of the other men, the old emotion failed to rise.

Fancy what money will do for a man. He grinned wryly at the thought. But there was something there, too, and he screwed suddenly, taking his second drink. A man—that's it! That's what money does! No damned whining crowd, crying a need and a need in somebody's hand! Money! A man! I'll bet those two-bit four-fishers couldn't show five hundred dollars between 'em!

His eyes cut around at the men along the bar and he realized that automatically, he'd not even bothered to look at the bartender, He, Tuck Wilson, to whom a bartender had always been authority! He remembered the years of learning drinks, of the tactful, complimentary approach he'd been in the habit of using in order to get a slice of freshly beef between two layers of stale bread from the free lunch counters in the dorms—no, the hundreds-of saloons took down the trail. He looked at the man now, revelling in the new-born freedom of his very discomfort. And he poured another drink, almost aimlessly, fiercely, challenging the harsh whiskey-burn as he noticed the new figure.

He caught the movement of his own reflection in the dirty mirror behind the bar then, and for the first time in his entire life, Tuck Wilson met and held the chance to say there. The nervous, swarthy face. A rather predatory nose. The eyes—Haw was the revelation!

Tuck stood there, feeling the hot glow of whiskey in his blood, his freshly given power and confidence. It came to him that he had never



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looked at any one thing for any length of time. He had never realized the sparkling, black quality of his own nose, when held. He was remembering the look of man he had avoided, meaning trouble, domination; and remembering that the look of their eyes had been steady and unshifting as his were now.

"Then you, mister."

As he'd stood there looking into the mirror, a heavy-bodied, middle-aged man in rough men's clothes had moved about the bar, stopping an arm's length from Tack. "But it'd sure please me to buy you a drink."

Tack looked the man up and down, slowly, carefully. It came to him that he'd never looked at a man the way he was looking at this one. Now he'd done so automatically, as though it were his right to question the privileges of any man to speak to him. Seven thousand dollars Brother, you're in!

He almost grinned at the man, saying "Don't mind if I do, pardner. Whisky as well be wet inside as out."

And the man was talking then, small talk, about some kind of trouble the miners were having—about one being high-graded from the stock pits, shootings. But Tack was only half-listening.

You're a man, Wilson! Good as the rest! Better, by seven thousand dollars!

He looked at the man's broad face, conscious now of his own dark nose, and now that the man was waiting, as though for an answer. He'd not been listening to the man's words and now, for the first time since coming into the saloon, he felt a touch of the old uncertainty, not knowing what to say, and he kept his glance from sliding away only with a puff of effort. But the older man only smiled and replied:

"I told we kind of been expecting you, Mister Taylor—one and the rest

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of the boys. I ain't surprised none that you're kind of took-up idea, figuring the circumstances and all. I—" For a moment he stammered. "I'd like to say we're sure glad to see you, and me, well, I'd just like to shake the hand of the man who's going to get Curt Ross!"

And it all came flooding back then—the old confusion, the uncertainty. And above it all, the sure smell of trouble. In spite of himself Tack Wilson could not hold his gaze on the older man's face. He felt the blood rush into his features and grabbed, almost blindly, for the glass on the bar.

The whisky was burning in his throat, the drinker he'd already taken and the heavy remainder of the bottle would be nuzzling bringing the new confidence up. And his own will slumped in lulled against the weakness. He took the man's rough hand in his grip, feeling a grin as he nodded slowly.

The man and his name was Bill Bird and before Tack could stop him he was colling to the other side across the bar and Tack's hand was being shaken by one soon after the other. Jeffers, Dunlop, Svenson, and even the beetle-browed bartender was reaching a ready hand across the bar and saying his name was Downes.

"We are sure sorry about Ross getting your old brother that way, Blackie."

"You ar, Blackie. We thought mighty high of young Tom Taylor in them parts."

"I was just tellin' Jeff here Blackie Taylor'd show 'ave another week was out," Downes was saying across the bar. "I guess you'll finish what Curt Ross started that time in Elk City, eh, Blackie?"

The drinks were on the house and Tack Wilson, unspeaking but busy with bottle and glass, was feeling the firm and rostrous respect of one Blackie Taylor whose juvenile brother

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had been killed and who, fured himself for his courage and bravery with the stipes, had come to avenge the crime upon the person of his old enemy of Elk City days, Curt Ross.

But the whole thing was infantile to Tuck Wilson, the old newspaper, cartoon and beer bawled between uncorrupted classes of vulgar liquor and the knowledge of the seven thousand dollars about his waist. The black eyes swayed in the darkness of Tuck Wilson's face, and men pushed through the hangings as the word went down the street and the little man was a lion for the night.

Waking, Tuck Wilson groaned in half-conscious ruminations, reaching his heavy tongue drowsily about the reeked dizziness of his mouth. His head throbbled awake with the first stirring movement of his body, and the old familiarity of a roquet hang-over.

The money! He jerked upright, alive to aching head and sudden, dark taste. Only when the slurring reach of nervous fingers clamped on the belt at his middle did his narrow shoulders sag back in relief. Feeling each compartment of the nervous belt, he assured himself that the seven thousand had not been tampered with. Now that his first anxiety was gone, he saw that he was sitting upright on the lounge cushions of an iron-framed bed in a small, well-stained room that had all the earmarks of a hotel room.

Memory came then, in sketches, along with the insistent return of throbbing headache, the sudden, growing emptiness of his stomach. He was fully dressed, he noticed, although someone had removed his boots. The forty-four was there beneath the pillow.

But he recalled now the body he'd found, and his own boastful collaboration in allowing Field and Deussen and the others to take him for another man—another man who was

started to seek out Curt Ross and kill him.

Kill him? Tuck Wilson's eyes shifted suddenly to the window where the pale light of day filtered through the cracked blind. Today! I got to get out of here! Thoughts of the unknown Curt Ross and his gang rocketed against the throbbing of his head as he came off the bed, and he cursed himself bitterly, shakings of the fool he'd been. That seven thousand'd do you a lot of good, Wilson, with you shut as full of holes you wouldn't blow away in a heavy wind!

He was suddenly shaking, he noticed. Telling himself it was only the liquor, he reached blindly for a hat beneath the bed. His head hit the bottle and it went over, there beneath the bed, his eyes widening in sudden thankfulness as he brought it up, aware it was over half full.

The whisky was raw and burning. For a moment his stomach recoiled and he didn't think it'd stay down. He crossed to the wall in a quick stride and took a mouthful of stale water from the pitcher on the stand. You gotta eat, man. Eat and get the hell out of town!

But the whisky was warm and alive, now, in his stomach, creeping into his blood. He took another drink, without the water, found the heat and put it on. He flung his hat and had another drink, standing there by the door. The bottle was still a quarter full, and he hesitated.

Well, man, what's the matter with you? You got seven thousand dollars!

The thought and the liquor were both warm, and as Tuck Wilson stepped quickly into the hall, he lurched softly and squared the narrow shoulders beneath his coat.

Downstairs, he had a moment's hesitation as the balding man behind the counter, whom he never remembered seeing before, nodded and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Taylor. I trust you slept well."

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"All right, I guess," Tack said. He couldn't help but notice the man's expression of respect, and in spite of his worry about Curt Ross, he felt again the confidence he'd had the night before. "Somebody stole my horse!"

"Mr. Ross attended to it, Mr. Taylor." The man nodded again.

As he went to the door, Tack saw that the man was still coming down, smoking the street outside more like a river than ever. He shrugged into the worn slippers he owned, stepping into the man. And as he felt the steaming water hit, he thought again of the fallen man, dead, the rain beating into the sudden lifelessness of him as he lay in the road of an unknown reward.

In spite of himself he was thinking of the respect and good fellowship he himself had received as a result of being taken for the dead man. There was no doubt in Tack's mind but what the dead man actually was Blanche Taylor. The dead man had been slightly built, his hair as black as Tack's own.

Tack Wilson sought himself suddenly, realising he was standing in the middle of town at broad daylight. Get a move on! This Ross and his backside! Blanche to show up and start blather! Before you know what it's all about!

But he'd hardly turned when he heard a man's voice call, a couple of doors further down. Wilson, you're going to fool around and get this Blanche Taylor guy killed twice, only the second time he'll be *you*! Tack turned, unable to resist Bill Ross's insistent joviality as the older man came along the walk.

"Well, well, had quite a sleep, eh?" The man's head was on his shoulder, almost preying Tack toward the swinging doors of the saloon. "Guess you had a pretty tough ride the last few days, though, Blanche. Couple more of the boys I'd like you to meet

in here. Guess you could stand a little eye-opener after last night, too, eh?"

The man's laugh was hearty as they pushed into the saloon. Half a dozen men were lined about the bar, Dawson's chunky form moved up behind. And again Tack Wilson was shaking heads, nodding as men called him by a dead man's name. For the first few minutes Tack felt the urge to run.

A black-bearded, heavy-shouldered drunk of a man was saying: "I sure did my best good to hear about you runner! Ross cuts like a cry the way you did, Blanche. He's a thriver, back-shooter! skunk and there ain't no two ways about it. And if you need any help handin' him today, you can sure as thunder count on me."

Bill Ross's hand was on Tack's shoulder again as he stood beside the little man. "Sure, boys, Blanche knows we're all with him, but that ain't the way he works. Blanche Taylor don't need no help. Why he's so fast with a gun you wouldn't believe it if you saw it with your own eyes!"

It was some time after the fourth drink that Tack Wilson got thankful about the necessity to leave town. The whiskey was in him, all right, but it wasn't so much that, either. Blanche Taylor was beginning to get him.

Because of the fact that the entire conversation was nothing but a running commentary on the life and deeds of Blanche Taylor, Tack Wilson could hardly join the backslapping.

He couldn't get it out of his mind that Blanche Taylor, too, had been a little man. As he looked up he saw his reflection again before him in the back-bar mirror. Astonishingly, his eyes went away from the glass; he saw them. But he caught himself at it, bringing his eyes back, studying himself again as he had the night before.

But this time, in spite of the whiskey, in spite of the respect and admiration of the other men, it was no good

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He drank again, and again looked into the mirror. And now even the seven thousand dollars didn't help. No, the other men might be seeing Blackie Taylor, but he saw only Tack Wilson. And the sealer was suddenly sour and even the whisky tasteless and fat.

Should he tell them? For a moment he toyed with the idea, knowing at the same time he wouldn't. There was the bitterness of empty laughter in him then, and Tack Wilson knew he hated the reflection before him. If there were any justice on earth, his would be the corpse in the mirror and Blackie Taylor would be standing here now, where he belonged.

But the man's voice had dropped off abruptly. Tack saw that a tall, pumping youth had come through the door, standing there, eyes like the hollow lines of his face. "He's come! into town now!" The boy almost whispered the words, but every man heard. For a second there was only the sound of men on the wooden saw-ut stables.

Men looked at Tack Wilson then. And then they fled out slowly, so as not to show the anxiety that was in them. But when they had gone through the door, Tack heard the quickening of their steps, going away about the walk. Then quiet.

"The back door's open, Blackie" Dawson's voice came hoarsely at the big barkeep moved toward the rear of the room, behind the bar.

But Tack Wilson hardly heard the man. He stood rigid before the bar, as though frozen in his tracks. Slowly then his head turned and once more he met the black-eyed gaze in the dirty mirror.

He knew that the man named Curt Ross was coming. He knew that Curt Ross would kill him, would finish the job he thought he'd already done out there in the remote. It just didn't

matter. Somehow, it squared with fate.

As he gazed into the mirror, all the hatred of Tack Wilson's life went into his two dark eyes. Being little was not enough excuse for that worthless kind of a life. Blackie Taylor had been little too.

Tack turned away from the mirror then, stopped off the slider and faced the door. When he heard the footsteps on the walk outside, even the pleading cry to run had died from Tack's mind.

Curt Ross hit the swinging doors, ran up and levelled, a big man, nearly faced and heavy bodied. But even as the gun in his hand crashed in explosion, Tack Wilson saw the fear in his eyes. A big man's fear of a little man. And in that fleeting second as he felt the man's bullet press his ribs and jerked into his own dress, Tack Wilson knew that, dead or alive, he would never be afraid of another man.

His own weapon blasted sound in unison with the other man's second shot. There was no feeling in Tack as he watched the fear in the heavy features of Curt Ross black out beneath the impact of shock, watched the man fall in loose collapse. There was only living from the street outside, the shouting sound of hoof-beats in the road.

Tack Wilson hunched the forty-four and struggled once more into the slider. He didn't glance at the mirror as he went toward the back, past Dawson's closed eyes to the rear door.

He took off his hat as he went around toward the stable. He was remembering a body in a ravine that needed burying, and somehow there was a regret in Tack Wilson that you couldn't talk to a dead man—that you couldn't thank him.

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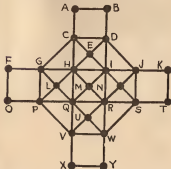
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Getting Rid of These Squares



A SURPRISING number of systems can be traced out in this geometric design. Take, for example, the center section. Have you tried one after another of various sizes, thanks to the diagonals drawn in?

The problem is to destroy all the squares shown in the design by re-

moving any of the points which are lettered (the letters are there for your convenience in finding the solution). Once a point is removed, any line leading to it is null and void.

Only seven points need be removed to destroy all the squares shown. Can you find these seven points?

Crypto Treasure Hunt

THE students' of Almath college were having a treasure hunt. All morning different groups of students chased about the campus, following one misleading clue after another. Then they came up against a brick wall, literally. For the place where the last clue was located, was the side wall of the lecture hall. It bore three letters chalked there by their professor, who got up the treasure hunt to test their wits:

D L S
U A B

D L S
Y N U

Y I I Y
S S S S S

Almon Spafford analyzed and read the clue quickly and went immediately to the treasure's hiding place. For Spafford recognized that as a simple problem in cryptarithmics.

If you substitute the digits from one to nine for these letters so as to make an intelligent multiplication example of them, then the letters arranged in the order of their corresponding digits will name the hiding place of the treasure.

Figure by Deduction

WILSON, Johnson and Sales are cycle enthusiasts. Recently they

made a trip from Ayetown to Beesville. It was agreed that they would not necessarily keep together on the way.

They started on Saturday and each man took four days to complete the journey. Their daily mileages during the trip were:

40-24-26-39-15-21
18-12-44-28-11-21

Johnson peddled an increasing mileage on each of his four days, while Wilson covered an equal distance on the first and fourth days. Johnson's distance for the third day last thirty by five miles, and on Tuesday, Wilson had his Saturday's run by eight miles.

From the foregoing clues, you should be able to work out the daily mileages of each man. What are they?

Dividing the Wine

CARLOS has 22 wine casks. Seven are full, seven are half full and seven are empty. He is giving up his vineyard business and wishes to divide the casks and wine among three friends. He wants to do this without making wine by transferring wine from one cask to another, and he wishes each friend to have an equal amount of wine and also an equal number of casks. How can Carlos arrange the division? Solve this without pencil and paper, if you can.

SOLUTIONS

GETTING RID OF THESE SQUARES

Solution: Remove D, I, E, A, F, U, V. No squares will then remain.

CRYPTO TREASURE HUNT

Solution: Translating the letters of the puzzle in multiplications, DLS from DAE into their correct digits gives 892 plus 482 equals 1374. Assuming the letters according to these numerical order spells the words UY LUNDAL, the location of the treasure.

FIGURE BY DEDUCTION

Solution: Johnson=fifty-two, forty-one,

twenty-five, ninety-four, Wilson, seventy-five, eighty-two, sixty, seventy-one, thirty-four, twenty-one, fifty-nine, sixty-five, sixty-four.

DIVIDING THE WINE

Solution: There are two ways he can do this. Call the friends A, B and C. A and B are given two full casks, two empty casks, and three half-filled casks. C is given three full casks, three empty casks and one half-filled cask. The other way is to give A and B each three full casks and three half-filled, and three empty casks and to give C one full cask, five half-filled casks and one empty cask.



"And leave my pants alone . . . this match is being relieved!"



THE



END



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